

Cats don't die

We do because
we have rules.
And rituals.

They have none.
A spiritual anarchy

enables them to
live forever.

You point to Cleo
in her Birkenstock box.

The dirt and pebbles
You thudded on it.

Just Imagine
the thunder in
tiny ears! Most

likely her take
thereafter, a slow,
sarcastic burn.

Contact her
again? Never get

through the scorn.
Another cat guiding?

No deal, since
it's Cleo: For

every cat you
attempt to pick
Is her. Now

every cat in

the world
isn't Cleo, true.

But you don't get
to really choose.
She doesn't allow it.